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The Doon School WEEKLY

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Revisiting Gibson

Ashish Mitter reports on the cultural events at Mayo College, Ajmer



When the average Dosco thinks of the Mayo College for Boys, Ajmer, perhaps the first thing that enters his mind is that the school has an intense, and often malicious, rivalry with Doon. Certainly, as we entered the huge campus, we had our first glimpse of the architecture and many of us were filled with a mixture of excitement and apprehension. So, this was Mayo – the school we had heard so much about, the institution that many have come to hate without ever getting to know it.

But, in fact, as we came to find out during this trip, there is so much more to Mayo. The trip was definitely a special one – our delegation, the first to visit Mayo since 2004 was unusually large (12 people representing the school in debating, quizzing and music) and the occasion, the 100th birth anniversary of J.T.M. Gibson, was momentous. We received a warm welcome, and were quickly made to feel comfortable by our escort- Indrashekhar Singh, known universally as Suggy. In hindsight, it was his presence that made the trip so enjoyable, for he immediately set us at ease with his wonderful sense of humour. Later on we found out that he volunteered to escort us, jokingly earning him the title: 'Traitor in Mayo'. But by no means was he the only friendly Mayoite. It was evident that both, the members of the staff and the students, went out of their way to ensure that we received large helpings of the famous Rajasthani hospitality.

All events were held in honour of Mr. Gibson, a giant in the field of education, who taught at Doon before heading both the JSW (now NDA) and Mayo College. In this regard, Mayo did a fantastic job, inviting people who

knew him personally to recount their experiences they shared with him. We were also shown a short film on Mr. Gibson. The combined effect was tremendous; it was as if Jack Gibson had been recalled to life.

All in all, the trip was a successful one. Our quiz team emerged victorious against NDA in a nail-biting climax, made all the more exciting by the antics of the quiz master, Mr. 'Honey' Singh. Our debating team, despite the stiff competition, sailed to another victory, trouncing NDA in the finals after defeating Mayo Boys in a highly-charged yet dignified semi-final. And our musicians, performing 'Sweet Child o' Mine', 'Be Yourself' and 'Accidentally in Love', got the rock show off to a rollicking start, earning much applause and even the odd 'Go Doon' from the Mayo crowd.

Our trip was successful not merely because we performed well in our various events, but because it managed to clear a lot of doubts that existed in both our minds and in the minds of the Mayoites. At the end of the day, the two schools are not that different, and it is possible for a Dosco to get along with a Mayoite just fine.

Of course, like in any other school trip, something had to go wrong, and it did, as we barely managed to get on the train from Delhi to Ajmer and missed the one back by twelve hours! Nevertheless, it was a trip which I am sure all of us will have fond memories of. Personally, I will never forget their breath-taking Main Building and Mr. Pranab Mukherjee, a judge at the debates who spoke endlessly in his inimitable manner on everything about debating, from the angle at which one is to stand to the ideal punch-line one should employ. Judging from the wealth of positive experiences that all of us have brought back with us, one can only hope that such trips are encouraged in the future too.

Brush Strokes in Hisar

Vishnukaant Pitty reports on the Inter-School Art Competition held at the Vidya Devi Jindal School

A hot August evening saw a red Tavera screech to a halt in front of Vidya Devi Jindal School, Hisar.

Shashank Mittal, Angad Singh and I along with our art teacher, Mr. Bhowmick, got out into the sultry twilight that greeted us after a strenuous nine hour journey from Dehradun. We were warmly greeted by a teacher and a group of girls, who led us to the school building for the registration of our team for the OP Jindal Memorial Inter-School Art Competition.

We were participating in three separate categories –
(Continued on page 4)

REGULARS

WELCOME

Ritu Bahl Mohan (RBM) joined the teaching faculty this week and will be teaching French, Biology and EVE. We wish her a fruitful tenure.

The following are visiting the School on a student exchange programme:

Bradley Gill, St. Philips College, Australia

Alexander Hoysted, Hutchins School, Australia

Nathan Cosgrove, Hutchins School, Australia.

We wish them all a pleasant stay.

DEBATING AND QUIZZING

The School was represented by Ashish Mitter and Chinmay Sharma in the **JTM Gibson Memorial Invitational Quiz** at Mayo College, Ajmer. Forty teams participated and the school emerged victorious. The school was represented by Shikhar Singh, Ashish Mitter and Vivaan Shah in the **JTM Gibson Memorial Debate**. Shikhar Singh and Ashish Mitter were adjudged the best speakers in the final round. A report runs in this issue.

Akshit Batra and Saurav Sethia represented the School in the second of the **All-India Annual Inter-School Frank Anthony Memorial Debate** held at Lucknow Public School. The school was placed first. Akshit Batra was adjudged the Best Speaker of the debate, while Saurav Sethia was adjudged second runner-up. Congratulations!

SOCCER UPDATE

The School **Junior soccer team** beat **Sela Qui World School** 4-0. Vahin Khosla scored all four goals. A report runs in this issue.

The School **Under-17** team defeated the **Staff** 4-1. Melvin Michael scored a hat-trick.

The **School team** played **Colonel Brown School** on August 6 and won 4-0 Well done!

Unquotable Quotes

He is holding four bamboos each.

Anuj Bhatia calculates precisely.

You need to full concentration.

Nilesh Agarwal discussing mental strategies.

Maria Parashowa is a good tennis player.

Abhishek Jain, a die-hard tennis fan.

Do you see his face when he hide it?

Abhishek Jain playing hide and seek.

I like it much very.

Dhruv Kumar is fascinated.

You are a multi-national player.

Piyush Upadhyay following international sport.

What the fool are you doing?

VKL vents his anger.

Gastronome

This week, we bring to you the culinary delights of **Dubai**, as recommended by **Arjun Kapur**.

YUM- For all lovers of Chinese, this is definitely the place to dine at. The food is cooked right in front of your eyes and it is absolutely outstanding. *Must try: Spice fried rice, Thai noodles.*

Chilis- An American-Mexican chain set up all over the world, Chilis has an 80's atmosphere with posters and upside down cars hanging from walls. It is the ideal destination for Doscos. *Must try: Molten chocolate cake.*

Nandos- A chain of restaurants established in Portugal. It has a wide variety of dishes with its own Peri-peri sauce. It encourages you to eat with hands! *Must try: Triple play (platter), Pita.*

Hard Rock Café- One of the most famous restaurants all over the world, Hard Rock Café plays live music on request and has a stunning ambience. The food is splendid and they serve excellent desserts. *Must try: Mexican nachos.*

Kanat- Dubai's number one for South-Indian cuisine, the food is excellent and inexpensive. It also serves a wide variety of chaat. Indians populate the place continually. *Must try: Mango mousse.*

Chinese Red House- It may have a rather plain ambience, but if you want a taste of authentic Chinese, then it's a 'must-go'. *Must try: Garlic prawns, Dry chilli chicken.*

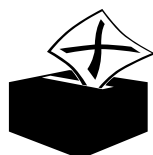
Al-Halab- Considered by most to be the best Arabic restaurant, it is the ideal place for all kebab-lovers. *Must try: Mixed kebab platter, Humus, Cheese bread.*

Asha's- Owned by singer Asha Bhonsle, this is where great food and an even greater ambience combine to give you an experience you can't forget. *Must try: Dal makhani, Tandoori chicken.*

Cactus Cantina- It is one of the best Mexican restaurants in town. From refreshing drinks to crispy nachos, it has all a 'salsa' lover may desire. *Must try: Fresh orange juice, Chicken/Vegetarian enchiladas.*

Errata

In Issue number 2156, dated July 28, 2007, the News column mistakenly credited the Mehra Family Award as the 'Mehta Family Award'. Our apologies to the Mehra family who has provided this scholarship for boys of S Form for overall excellence. The Gastronome (Issue Number: 2157) wrongly listed the restaurant 'Ploof' in New Delhi as 'Sploof'. We regret the error.



Opinion Poll

Do you think the six-year jail sentence given to Sanjay Dutt is a fair one?



Yes

62 %

No

38 %

346 people participated in the poll

Next Week's Question: Do you think Callover serves a purpose?



India's Tryst with Destiny Bollywood Dreams

Ramakrishna Pappu

From *Raja Harishchandra* (1913) of the silent era to the action-packed *Dhoom 2* (2006), the Indian film industry has evolved rapidly. Indians make the most number of movies in the world and today, our actors are starring in Hollywood productions. Our movies are scaling the Top-10 charts of the west and our technicians are in demand the world over.

The post-independence period is often called the Golden Era of Indian cinema, when there was a distinctive shift in focus from mythological themes to musical melodrama. Some film-makers soon picked up off-beat themes and brought them to the silver screen. Nitin Das' *Chandan*, Shantaram's *Dharmatma*, Bimal Roy's *Sujata* and Vasant Joglekar's *Prarthna* dealt with caste issues while Mehboob's *Aurat*, later remade as the Oscar-nominee *Mother India*, exposed some of the rampant evils of rural society. Films like *Ganga Jamuna*, *Mujhe Jeene Do* and *Jis Des Men Ganga Behti Hai* further portrayed the gravity of similar conditions. Where Mehboob's *Roti* showed the metamorphosis of a tramp into a heartless business man, Raj Kapoor's *Awara* was seen as a dignified way of protesting against communism.

Stars such as Raj Kapoor, Dilip Kumar, Dev Anand and Rajesh Khanna set the ball rolling for this era and then in the 70s came Amitabh Bachchan. The 'angry young man' with a deep baritone was a one-man industry, delivering a string of hits – *Sholay*, *Deewar*, *Zanjeer*, *Mard and Don*. The 90s saw the rise of the Khans – Shah Rukh, Salman and Aamir, and also the involvement of underworld gangsters in the industry. The first decade of the new millennium saw bigger budgets and advanced technology. Diverse new themes were tried out and a fresh new genre called 'multiplex cinema' was developed.

Indians share a special bond with cinema. We tend to get heavily influenced by what we see on screen. We idolize and worship the actors, we whistle when our favourite hero appears on screen (and more still for the heroines!), we make our actors dance in concerts and at high profile weddings, yet we can never get enough of them. Put simply, we are a country which lives its cinema. This has spurred the phenomenal growth of various film industries in regional languages like Tamil, Telugu, Marathi, Bengali, Bhojpur, Gujarati, to name a few.

The music, dance and even dialogues of films are firmly entrenched in our pop culture. Music composers from the late Madan Mohan to the legendary RD Burman to hypnotic AR Rahman have all taken the nation to melodious heights at various times. Helen's belly-dancing; Mithun's break-dancing and even Hrithik's flexible numbers, have enthralled us and left us asking for more. Dialogues such as "Mere Paas Ma Hai" from *Deewar*, "Kitne Admi The?" from *Sholay* and "Mogambo Khush Hua" from *Mr India* are

evergreen.

Upon the advent of commercial television in the late 80s some people predicted cinema's end. The film industry, however, proved them wrong by churning out one blockbuster after another with *Hum Apke Hai Kaun* and *Dilwale Dulhania Le Jayenge*. The industry not only continued to flourish but also expanded its market by tapping into previously uncharted territories.

Movies such as *Lajja*, *Parzania* and *Phir Milenge* question our humanity and tolerance. Movies such as *Lage Raho Munnabhai*, *Rang De Basanti* and *Dil Chahta Hai* show us a way forward. Movies such as *Sarfaroosh*, *Guru* and *Lakshya* inspire us to dream on.

We have been brought up watching movies. Getting the 'first day first show' tickets, munching buttered popcorn and sipping colas is as integral to our culture as sumo wrestling is to the Japanese. Movies are a national obsession, at par with mangoes and cricket.

At this stage, there's no looking back. The songs and dances will continue, the long lost brothers theme might have changed but the heroes will remain quixotic, the villains will continue to be corrupt politicians and smugglers. Even though newer genres are being explored and films with previously taboo topics are being tested, the country at large still can't do without its usual dose of masala, masti and melodrama. Cinema is a part of us and we are proud of what we make. For now at least, we won't have it any other way.

Poetry

The Redeeming Rain

Abhaas Shah

Huddled beneath a winding arch,
Staring at the endless downpour;
Pouring heaven, pouring skies,
Pouring heart, pouring lies;
Lies, stirrer of debates, yet employed by all,
Truth, bitter-sweet, shunned, after all;
Drenched through and through,
Drenched with pain, with disgust,
Shamelessly, the colours sew in and out,
Myriad, like the feelings we openly flout,
Or do we? Say some, behind society's curtain.
Are we free as the rain?
Are we wild, and not tame?
Do we, like rain, kindly embrace all?
And bring bliss and joy, wherever we fall?
If there's anything we inherit from this redeeming rain,
We inherit its best, the potential to ease pain:
The only two evils we surely must avoid
Are the two destructive forces: vice and void;
Marrers shall flee with God's lonely breath,
Only one can purge us, the black pool of death.

CAREER CALL

The careers' notice board will focus on **Mass Communication** in the coming week. All those who would like to know more about this field should look-up the information.

(Continued from page 1)

Shashank Mittal in the Claywork section, Angad in the Collage section and I was in the Imaginative Composition (Painting) section.

After the formalities were over with, we were led by our girl escorts to the place designated for our stay there. Angad, Shashank and I were to stay at the principal's, Mrs. Bindra's, residence while ATB was given a room in the one of the vacant teachers' quarters there.

The school, having about 40 acres of land, made use of its entire campus well. The facilities there were very good – not very different from our own. Everyone there was very hospitable and soon we found ourselves at ease, not feeling out of place (as earlier) with about eight hundred girls around us.

The Art Competition to be held the next day was undoubtedly one of the major functions organised by the school. It was divided into four categories namely clay, collage, imaginative composition and flower arrangement; out of this, we did not compete in the flower making section. The schools were competing for a magnificent art trophy which was displayed in a cabinet for all to see. Of course we knew by then that by competing in only three out of the four categories, we already were well out of the running for the trophy. Anyway, during the competition we could see that the standard of art in the school was pretty high there – with different participants interpreting the topics in their own ways and putting their thoughts on paper. After two and a half long hours, we emerged, our head swimming with strain.

Later in the evening, the prize giving ceremony was held. We could barely keep our thoughts confined to the dances being performed onstage. Finally the chief guest, Mr. Ram V Sutar got up to distribute the prizes.

Angad was awarded the second prize while both Shashank and I contented ourselves by patting him on the back. It was only later that ATB informed us that it is better to stick to realism for competitions and not to wander into surrealism. Angad had found no option open and had made an actual beach for his topic 'footprints on sand', thus fetching him a prize.

Yet, we enjoyed every moment of the competition, gaining further confidence, not to mention learning new styles and techniques of art.

When it was time to leave, Mrs. Bindra heartily thanked us for coming and bade us goodbye. Soon, we were sitting in our car, leaving the humid climate behind us. As I looked back at the school, I thought that despite everything, it was worth the sweat.

Roving Eye

With our PT Leader-cum-Cricket Captain-cum-Dramatics Boy-in-Charge-cum-Socials Boy-in-Charge (one hell of a boy!) at the helm of affairs, our socials were bound to be eventful and entertaining to say the least. The crowd of Doscos, bathed and dressed for once, arrived a minute before the deadline to 'socialize', or so we thought. At the Main Gate, the warrior head from Tata was posted to receive the much-awaited guests. Back at the Music School, the circus jodi of Khullar and Mr. Mann prepared an evening full of dance, birthday announcements and word-play. In the crowd, Citizen One: Saurabh Tiwari and a humble petitioner incarnated in the form of Aviator Matta. In the background, the likes of Ganpat urf Papa (we heard he was expected to be one helluva handsome chap by the other side!) and Popat Saluja pounced on the drinks and food with the former then chugging onto the dance floor like a freight engine. The School Captain and associates initiated the first dance after much hype and training. The socials, delayed, debated and fought for, had begun after all!

It is ironical that the one-man Sardar brigade from OA (sorry, Oberoi now) that previously provided valet services was more interested in escaping the wrath of this pen rather than socializing! His primary concern was to remain out of coverage. His close associate was apparently looking for "fresh talent" having recently acquired, after a great deal of effort, the blue over-coat. The likes of Oaf Dance Goel (our COP) and Dattof henceforth Nach-baliye, set the floor on fire/stink. Leading the over-social pack was Vyas who perpetually interfered in couple dances and dropped a dozen drinks on the table before finally taking one. On the DJ front, an internationally-acclaimed, recently Aussie-returned bulb was in control, ably supported by the controversial Pilibhit gold mines. The K Lord decided his heart was elsewhere (California, Jodhpur, Noida, Bangalore; we couldn't find out...), but his hand was firmly in the J House Captain's, both behaving like a newly-wed couple.

The Court sat outside the venue with Justice Verma pronouncing verdicts and the Boy-in-Charge being tried for over-commitment. The Judge was recently fooled and a Hindi headline read, "Nat-khat bachho ne justice ki aakhon mein dhool jhoki". Speed Read include: Perfection House tried his luck (and apparently succeeded!). Un-coord tried to chord one-of-three, failing and falling as usual. The Ritu Admiration Co. Ltd. was present in healthy numbers and many could not decipher whether the prefect was from Doon or Welham. The Snake was out (since A form) and about. The Mad Surd was slapped and the culprit walked away with an Indonesian artefact. Haryana-da-overgrown-puttar cum AV Warlord frequently squeaked on the mike and asked our schoolie's relative for a dance. The undisputed Hindi head-boy apparently asked some girls how much of their course they had completed. Tarzan and self-proclaimed "Jango" was dumped, ditched and discussed as he desperately tried to jump buses.

At ten-twenty, after a five minute delay (oh my God!), the iron curtain rolled when the mike was used to redirect the Welhamites to their buses. With the Snake recoiled, Perfection House closed for the weekend and English tea over and done with, our Samaay had come to an end!

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